King is ſicke for me: let vs take any mans horſes, the lawes of England are at my commandement, bleſſed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo: where is the life that late I led, ſay they, why here it is, welcome theſe pleſant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Conſtables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and ſhee ſhal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe viſagde raſcall, and the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou wert better thou hadſt ſtrook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that ſir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to ſome body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miſcarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you ſhall haue a dozzen of cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Piſtoll beat amongſt you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenſor, I will haue you as ſoundly ſwingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famiſht correctioner, if you be not ſwingde, Ile forſweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O God, that right ſhould thus ouercom might! wel, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iuſtice.

Hoſt. I come, you ſtarude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you raſcall.

Sincklo

Sinck. Very well.

Enter ſtrewers of r

1 More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 The trumpets haue ſounde

3 Twill be two a clocke ere th
on, diſpatch, diſpatch.

Trumpets ſound, and the King, an
ſtage: after them enter Falſt
Bardolfe, and th

Falſt. Stand heere by me maiſt
King doe you grace, I will leere vp
do but marke the countenaunce th

Piſt. God bleſſe thy lungs goo

Falſt. Come heere Piſtoll, ſtan
had time to haue made new liueries
the thouſand pound I borrowed o
poore ſhew doth better, this doth i
him.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſ

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & n
not to remember, not to haue pacie

Shal It is beſt certain: but to ſtar
ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thin
all affaires elſe in obliuion, as if the
done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. Tis *ſemper idem*, for, *obſq*
part.

Shal. Tis ſo indeede.

Piſt. My Knight, I will inflam
thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of th
durance, and contagious priſon, ha
nical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reu